

THE COMPANION.

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“ Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

MR HUSKISSON AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE facts respecting the late piece of dramatic surprise occasioned by Mr Huskisson's letter, are thus excellently stated by the *Atlas*, and followed by some remarks as excellent on the general spirit of the affair.

“After the vote on the East Retford question, Mr Huskisson, before he went to bed, wrote a “private and confidential” letter to the Premier, containing these words—“I lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands, as the only means in my power of preventing the injury which may ensue from the appearance of disunion in his Majesty's Councils.” Mr Huskisson next morning found, to his astonishment, that the letter containing this sentence was considered as a resignation, and had already been laid before the King. In no other light would the Duke of Wellington view it, in spite of Mr Huskisson's repeated explanations, that he only meant to disembarrass his Grace in any steps he might feel himself called upon to take. The Duke persisted: “It was no mistake—could be no mistake,—and should be no mistake;” and Mr Huskisson was obliged to go. The master sometimes *will* take the servant's muttered warning, whether he will or not; and as soon as his successor can be found, the unlucky varlet is obliged to doff the livery of his office, pack up his budget, and depart. This may take place when an excellent servant, esteeming his merits too highly, incautiously gives himself airs. Perhaps it is difficult to find so efficient a butler, or so handy a valet—but insubordination is not to be endured, if the master is of a decisive temperament: if indeed he is tired of his domestic—if the family dislike him, or if “voices in the air” have whispered that William is in the way—he will seize the first fair excuse to get rid of him. Mr Huskisson has undoubtedly made a great blunder; he confessedly wished to remain, and took the most obvious means to get turned out. It is remarkable, that in spite of his acknowledged ability, the sense of blunder

is so strong that little sympathy is felt for him. Had the Duke of Wellington been provided with a successor as efficient as the late Colonial Secretary, we have no doubt that his harshness would have met with a milder censure. When, after the lapse of some days, he can find no substitute for Mr Huskisson but his Quartermaster-General, people are apt to suspect that he has sacrificed the praise of discretion to that of "decision," and that the whole has been a matter of hasty pique, unworthy of a statesman, and dangerous to a great nation. The probability however is, that the Duke expected to get on more smoothly without than with his colleague, whilst Mr Huskisson, anxious to stay, and yet apprehensive that his East Retford vote would operate against him, perhaps imagined he should play a better game if he took the lead into his own hand—a fatal miscalculation."

Nothing can be better, we think, than this account of the affair: but we pause a little on two other remarks, with which the writer concludes.

"On the whole," (he says) "the affair is a childish one; and it is unfit that the interests of a nation should thus be exposed to suffer by hasty notes written with a severe headache at two o'clock in the morning, which give offence to an angry and perhaps a bilious gentleman over his breakfast next day. Unless there were secret motives of party operating on either side, it was unbecoming in the Premier to turn out an able Minister, merely because he wrote a blundering letter."

Now the head-ache and the biliousness are well put. Montaigne says, he likes to rattle the word Pleasure in the ears of the philosophers, who affect not to seek the thing after their various modes, as well as other people. For a still better reason, we like to see the leaders of Government reminded of their common nature, and of the trivial causes to which their quarrels are owing ninety-nine times in a hundred. But we agree with those who think, that Mr Huskisson's letter contained a passage, which left the Duke no alternative but to shew a strong sense of it, glad as he may have been at the opportunity of being angry, and however extreme, beyond official usage, in resolving that there should be no mistake. Mr Huskisson says in that letter, "I owe it to you as the head of the Administration, and to Mr Peel as the leader of the House of Commons, to lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands, as *the only means* in my power of *preventing the injury* to the King's service which may ensue from the appearance of disunion," &c. Now the Premier, by Mr Huskisson's own shewing, was either bound to agree with him in thinking this step "the only means" of preventing the injury, or he

was to make a friendly return to a hostile attack, and concede the first place in the matter to the inferior minister. This was clearly what Mr Huskisson desired. It was an attempt on the part of Ulysses to frighten Ajax; and Ajax not only stood upon his stubbornness, and was not to be frightened, but he turned the trick of Ulysses against himself. The letter, it was urged, was marked "private and confidential." True: this was part of the trick: that is to say, Ajax was to have a knock on the face, and to keep it all to himself, till he had propitiated his enemy. He did not chuse to do this, nor was it to be expected of him; and accordingly he followed up the private and confidential thump with a settler.

On the other hand, the mention of Ulysses reminds us of a person more worthy of that name, and of the greater quarrel, in which Ajax, as of old, was for the time defeated. It is all very well for the followers of this and that statesman to attribute to him nothing but generous motives, and to wonder that anybody can be so ungentle as to think him human. But without denying that statesmen, like other people, are capable of generosity, and influenced by as many thousands of little feelings, good as well as bad, it is quite clear to us that the Duke of Wellington has never forgotten or forgiven the intellectual ascendancy of Mr Canning, nor ceased to feel uneasy in the company of his friends. Even in his late speech in his behalf, which is made so much of, and which we venture to say was as poor a thing every way as might have been expected from one who is no speaker nor capable of appreciating speakers, we recognized a sneer at Mr Canning for not following the profession for which he was so "well fitted;" and which, the Duke might have added, "it would have been so pleasant to me, if he had followed." So much for Mr Canning; and as for Mr Huskisson, he, of all men, was the last to think himself an exception to the dislike of Mr Canning's friends; for besides being a very clever man, and a good speaker, he had set the Duke right on a question, openly disputed between them, and upon which the future Premier had committed a great blunder: and the Duke has evidently not talents enough, of the intellectual order, to afford to endure this correction, or the company of any one capable of bestowing it. His Grace has a character for sin-

cerity, which is almost all in all with us, provided there is good intention; and we were inclined to like him for it, and to hope that the grandeur of his position, as a man who had had the good fortune of settling the late wars, might supply him with a sort of moral superiority to his deficiencies, and enable him, in conformance with the spirit of the age, to discover the still higher glory of doing what Bonaparte himself had not done, and had repented for it. But from the way in which he has proceeded to fill up Mr Huskisson's place, joined with other evidences which now take a new and unfavourable aspect, we fear that he is what his enemies have represented him, a mere soldier, fond of mere power, unable to learn better, and thinking to rule us like a barrack-master. If so, we suspect that a greater "moral lesson" is preparing for him than he can imagine, and that he and his "Drawcansirs" will be rendered supremely ridiculous, both in and out of Parliament. Out of Parliament we are sure they will; and in Parliament we fancy certain civilians mustering up all the spirit of the toga against the sword, speeches and absurdities pulled to bits, and the debates next day powdered with parentheses of "Hear, hear!" and "A laugh," and "Loud laughter," and "Great indignation on the *military* benches."

If however we are mistaken, and the "great moral lesson" which he talked of in Bonaparte's case was not a mere phrase caught from the Emperor Alexander, or some other person at council, none will be more glad of it than ourselves, or louder in hailing the phenomenon. We confess we are great hoppers; and do think, that extraordinary circumstances may bring about others more extraordinary. The world are not to suppose that the speck of time, which they call the experience of ages, contains all that ever has been done, or ever will be: and if public opinion was ever a thing powerful (which it has never been denied), we have good reason to know, that never had it so many means of being powerful, and lifting up a multitude of voices, as at present. Thousands of presses are at work over the enlightened part of the globe, pouring forth knowledge, as from so many iron fountains; and whatever attempt may be made to the contrary, we no more believe that Wellington's soldiers, any more than Napoleon's, could be able to keep their feet

against the stream, than so many little boys against "the school-master." We thought to have made a grander simile; but this will do for the occasion. A prosing Archbishop, who talks of Moses where Christian charity is concerned, is now laughed at, even in the House of Lords; and state militant will be treated no better than church militant, if it comes to be absurd.*

PASTA IN DESDEMONA.

A CRITIC in a Sunday paper has found fault with our opinion of Pasta's behaviour under the dagger in this character. His argument is as follows.

"Wilkes's admirer protested that he did not squint "more than a gentleman ought to squint." The *Companion*, in the same mood of amiable enthusiasm, writes thus of Pasta. 'We have been told, that when Pasta (in *Otello*) sees the dagger upheld to kill her, *she fairly seizes her petticoats*, and shrieks, and runs for it. This is one of those great strokes of nature, by which she drives at once into the heart of the multitude; and nothing, as a thing tragic, can surpass it.' We too are vehement admirers of Pasta, but we must honestly confess that this action has not pleased us. Pasta's figure is not exactly the build for running; and when we have seen her scuttling over the stage, our minds have—we know not from what association—ranged to the bustle between the *phoca* or seal and Hector in Scott's *Antiquary*, and an unlucky sense of the comic has mixed with the horrible. Other people, it is true, may not think of that same *phoca* or seal who performs in the *Antiquary*, but they must surely see a particular awkwardness in Pasta's quick movements. The *Companion* tells us however that it is a great stroke of nature thus fairly to seize the petticoats and run for it—"to gird up the loins," as *Dominie Sampson* expresses it, and "fly incontinently." This *nature* is a word of immense convenience in criticism, because it is of such vague import. But as we are not savages *nature* varies considerably with persons and circumstances. It is natural to fly from death, but we know that persons who are conscious that death is inevitable do not attempt to fly from it; witness the conduct of individuals on the scaffold, who bend their heads to the block, or offer their necks to

* The Archbishop of Tuam brings up "the law and the prophets" to shew that the Catholics ought not to be emancipated, and says also that he has a few words to add "upon purgatory—(a laugh)"—"I could go on," said his Grace, "for hours, on the doctrine of purgatory (a laugh)." The best proof of purgatory is, that the Catholics are in it at present. As to the law and the prophets, does his Grace remember what was said about them by the benevolent author of Christianity? "Love thy neighbours as thyself: in this are fulfilled the law and the prophets." This is the spirit of Christianity; and we are told in the same book, that "the letter killeth, and the spirit giveth life." But we are loth to quote texts, considering how many can be quoted on all sides, and all to undo one another. We all feel what true Christianity means, and that its essence consists in the very reverse of intolerance and want of progression.

the rope. Johnson, who was murdered by Lord Ferrers, did not endeavour to run away—not because he was unaware of his danger, or indifferent to escape, but because he perceived that the attempt would be useless, and in this case a feeling of dignity, which cleaves to us to the last, forbids a useless act of fear. We are sure that our memories would supply us with instances of many who have suffered death by assassination without flying from the stroke; and we are confident that, escape being hopeless, pride suggests such conduct. What is the case of Pasta's *Desdemona*? She is shut up in the same room with a man who has the habit of command over her, who is armed with a dagger, and resolved to take her life. She runs about wildly to escape the danger; many women, most women perhaps would do so, and it would therefore be said to be natural to them; and some of the best, of the highest natures, would not do so, and the patient surrender would also be natural to them. The only question then is, which of the two descriptions is the more proper subject for tragedy. * * * * * Shakspeare certainly did not intend *Desdemona* fairly to seize her petticoats and run for it; for he has, as if to preclude such pranks, taken her petticoats off, and put her to bed. In this predicament, *Desdemona* feels that she must not run about before a gentleman (not to mention the audience), let her be as much disposed to be fugacious as she may. It would be a great stroke of nature, if she were to kick the bed-clothes off when suffocating, but she does not even do that. Decorum prevails, and she dies with punctilious decency. Nevertheless, had Miss O'Neil knocked the counterpane and sheets about, and broken some articles of crockery, it might have been applauded by her admirers, and we could not have denied her right to struggle. * * * It is not every horror that is dramatic—there are vulgar horrors as well as poetic horrors; and that in question is, we think, of the former class. In the stage directions of an old play, we remember to have seen it ordered, after an explosion, that heads, legs, and arms, should be scattered about the stage “*as bloodie as may be* :” this might have been horrible, but it was not tragic. It was a vulgar machinery. Pasta's flight in *Otello* is, to our minds, of the same “*as-bloodie-as-may-be*” order.”

“We express this difference of opinion with every respect for a remarkably exact taste. No judgment is however so straight and strong as to defy the warp of partiality—except, of course, our own.”

We thank our brother-critic for the courtesy of this conclusion, especially after the “austere regard” of his commencement. But we are compelled to say, that we still think him wrong, and that his argument is wrong throughout. First, as to the ocular demonstration of his exordium:—there would have been something in it, had we said that Pasta was no fatter than a heroine ought to be. On the contrary, we think she is, and have often said so; though we differ with the writer, as to the mode in which such things ought to be said of women, especially of those who delight us and deserve our respect. We are more than usually called on to be considerate with regard to a woman like Pasta, because an actress of her sort must go through a great deal of emotion, and thus render herself

peculiarly liable to the temptation of counter-excitement, and of a little excess in the mode of renewing her strength; and when we reflect how the time of such persons is taken up, and in how many ways of late hours, and studies, and flatteries, they are diverted from recruiting their health in a better manner, we must not be too hard upon them if the nature of their temperament is such as to make them a little too fat and festive in appearance, where others, who indulge more, may be liable to no such betrayals. For this reason we have omitted as much of our critic's ungraciousness on that head as possible. We have also left out an allusion to a person said to be now living, who is charged with having hidden himself in an hour of peril, and to have been at the same time one of the last persons who ought to have set so unmanly an example. The humiliation which this unhappy individual must undergo, is surely enough for him; and need not be brought in to shew that the exhibition of fear is unbecoming on the part of a woman. It is justly expected of a man that he should be brave, even should his individual nature be timid; but the question of fear and courage has, in truth, nothing to do with the subject. Inevitable death has nothing to do with it. Dignity has nothing to do with it. Desdemona is a young, fond, and innocent woman, suddenly threatened with death by the man she loves. Her natural impulse is to try and avoid the death, both in the horror that must be common to all such women, especially on such an occasion, and in the hope of avoiding it for the sake of both parties. We supposed, in our article on the subject, that Pasta, in her general performance of *Desdemona*, as well as in the particular passage here caricatured, adopted that mode of evincing her feelings, which is natural to womankind; but we drew at the same time a distinction, which the critic has overlooked, between her performance of the character as a mere, impassioned, unsophisticate woman, and what might be looked upon as a good, or perhaps still better personation of it by Mademoiselle Sontag as the *lady*. This distinction, if we mistake not (for we have not the article by us to refer to) followed upon the passage which our critic has quoted; and an attention to it, we conceive, would have overturned at once all necessity for his argument:—but unfortunately he is wrong also

respecting the *Desdemona* of Shakspeare. He appears to have had an inkling of this, when he says that Shakspeare seems to have put her to bed, purely to hinder her from attempting to run away. "Decorum," he says, "prevails; and she dies with punctilious decency." But what says Shakspeare?—

Des. Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight.

Oth. Nay, if you strive—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. (*He smothers her*).

And see the whole scene. What a writer is Shakspeare! Reading onward, we came upon the following, and our eyes gushed with tears.

Emelia. Oh, who has done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord: oh! farewell. (*Dies*).

This is delicacy, if you please; this is "dignity." *Desdemona* dreaded death, as a young and a tender woman; and she felt the greater horror of it, because it was to be inflicted by the man she loved; but having received it, she is still the tender woman; and dignity, which is the sense of worth, then speaks in its most generous language, and attempts to screen and to console the hand that harmed it.

We are not fond of giving ourselves airs of patronage, and indeed have no right to do so. We have also, in the days of our criticism, that is to say, of our youth and our want of thought, been great sinners in the article of severity. But assuming that our critic is young also in proportion as he is severe, and conceding that he may know a great many things better than we do, we would fain give him the benefit of our experience on what we do know; and accordingly we hope he will make haste to discover how much greater the delight is, as well as more honourable the difficulty, in finding out beauties than faults, and helping to create what he desires, as the sun does the flowers that it looks upon. In addition to evidences of talent, which we suppose have been long recognized, he gave one the other day (if we mistake not) of a capability of generous

feeling, far beyond the pale of talents in ordinary; and he who could do that, should afford to be differed with many times as well as once, and not mistake his dislike of objection for imaginary grounds of objection in others.

POETRY OF BRITISH LADIES.

Continued from p. 288.

WE now come to a specimen of the verses of poor Miss Vanhomrigh, who was in love with Swift. They are not very good; but they serve to shew the truth of her passion, which was that of an inexperienced and clever girl of eighteen for a wit of forty-four. Swift had conversation enough to make a dozen sprightly young gentlemen; and besides his wit and his admiration of her, she loved him for what she thought his love of truth. In her favour also he appears to have laid aside his *brusquerie* and fits of ill temper, till he found the matter too serious for his convenience.

“ Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoin'd your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.”

Swift, who was already engaged elsewhere, and with a woman too whom he loved, should have told her so. She discovered it, and died in a fit of indignation and despair. But we have discussed this matter in another place. The volume, a little farther, contains some verses of the other lady *On Jealousy*,—probably occasioned by the rival who was jealous of her. Poor Stella! She died also, after a longer, a closer, and more awful experience of Swift's extraordinary conduct; which to this day remains a mystery. We believe it has been conjectured that he might have doubted whether Stella (Miss Johnson, daughter of the steward of his early friend Sir William Temple) might not have been a daughter of his own. Perhaps he might have fancied her a sister,

if he had any notion (as some have had) that he himself was indebted to Sir William for his birth. But this will not exonerate him, for his conduct to Miss Vanhomrigh, nor lessen indeed the suspicions otherwise cast on him: for why, after all, did he marry Miss Johnson without living with her, and keep the secret from Miss Vanhomrigh if he meant nothing further? But we are getting out of our subject. The worst of it was, that both these ladies were eminently fitted for the enjoyments of an equal and genuine affection,—being young, pleasurable, liberal, clever, and sincere. One cannot help fancying, that there must have been two men, living somewhere, who ought to have had them for companions; and that such persons will meet in another sphere. Swift was not properly fit for either, had he been as young and fit in every other respect. He has recorded some witticisms of Stella, which shew that she was not uninfected with his coarseness. Some of the rest are altogether excellent. We are sorry we cannot refer to them; but we remember one, or the spirit of it. Steel medicines are reckoned good for melancholy. She was asked one day, in a game at forfeits, why melancholy was like an oyster. “Because,” said she, “it is removed by taking steel inwardly.”

Mr Dyce appears to be mistaken in attributing the lines at p. 149 to Rachel, Lady Russell, wife of the famous Lord William Russell. The Lady Russell, who here writes verses to the memory of her husband, records him as having been named John. She was most probably Elizabeth, one of the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cook, and widow of John, Lord Russell, who was called up to the House of Lords in the lifetime of his father Francis, Earl of Bedford, who died in 1585. The singular applicability of the last line to the mourning widowhood of Lady William Russell, seems to have misled Mr Dyce to overlook the name of the real husband. The concluding couplet is remarkable for shewing the effect to which real feeling turns the baldest common-places. Not that the words just alluded to are a common-place. They are a quintessence of pathos.

“Right noble twice, by virtue and by birth,
Of Heaven lov’d, and honour’d on the earth,

His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight,
My husband dear, more than this world his light,
Death hath me reft.—But I from death will take
His memory, to whom this tomb I make.
John was his name (ah was! wretch, must I say)
Lord Russell once, *now my tear-thirsty clay.*"

Gay Mrs Centlivre follows Lady Russell, like a sprightly chambermaid after a gentlewoman. She is all for "the soldiers;" and talks of the pleasure of surrendering, like a hungry citadel. The specimen consists of her prologue to the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*. It is very good of its kind; gallant, and to the purpose; with that sort of air about it, as if it had been spoken by Madame Vestris, or the fair authoress herself, in regimentals. But partial extracts would be awkward; and we have not room for more. The idea of a female in officer's clothes always reminds us of one of the most beloved of our book-heroines,—poor little Marianna in Goethe's novel of Wilhelm Meister; and this puts us out of taste with all other fair captains. What a picture of her is that at the beginning of the novel! How satisfactory to the senses! And how deserving she proves herself of the heart! But circumstances hampered even her with deception; and these, though deception was sorely against her will, and she loved truly enough to break through it, were the death of her; which was a pity. What a pause is that, at the conclusion of Book the First! And how we pity her afterwards; and are mad with that impatient weakling her lover! But we are talking of what the reader may know nothing about. If so, we exhort him to procure the book immediately, and sit down and study it; for it is not a novel of the common sort, or to be read without a commentary of thought and experience. There is an excellent translation of it, in three volumes, published by Whitakers.

Mrs De La Riviere Manly, who wrote the *Atalantis*, and alternately "loved" and lampooned Sir Richard Steele, (which was not so generous of her, as her surrendering herself to the law to save her printer), has two copies of verses, in which we may observe the usual tendency of female writers to break through conventional common-places with some touches of nature. The least of them have an instinct of this sort, which does them honour, and sets them above the same class of writers in the other sex. The mixture however sometimes has a ludicrous effect. Mrs Manly, pane-

gyrizing a certain "J. M——e, Esq. of Worcester College," begins with this feryid and conversational apostrophe:—

"Oxford,—for all thy fops and smarts,
Let *this prodigious youth* atone ;
While others frisk and dress at hearts,
He makes thy better part his own."

The concluding stanza is better, and indeed contains a noble image. Others, she says, advance in their knowledge by slow degrees,

"But his vast mind completely form'd,
Was thoroughly finish'd when begun ;
So all at once the world was warm'd
On the great birth-day of the sun."

Mrs Manly is supposed to have been the Sappho of the Tatler. Besides the works which Mr Dyce mentions, she wrote political papers in the EXAMINER: and was undoubtedly a woman of talents. Swift often speaks of his co-adjutrix in terms of intimacy and respect, remarkable for one who affected a clerical punctilio on certain points. But this is one of the under-signs of those times,—if we may use such a phrase. Swift and others did not scruple to pay their court to Mrs Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk), whom there is every reason to believe they regarded as the mistress of George the First. His own connexion with Stella must have had a very equivocal appearance to the world ; yet nothing seems to have been said of it. Two single ladies living in the same house with Pope have called forth more scandal from one of his editors in our own time, than they appear to have done in his. Indeed we are not aware of their having received a single instance of disrespect. And one of the models of dress and good-breeding held up in the Tatler is said to have been the celebrated Mrs Oldfield, at that time living with Maynwaring, to whom a volume of the work is dedicated. There is a strange look of inconsistency in this, for Steele in his writings was a great advocate of chastity and the decorums. But in the relations of the sexes some improvement remains to be discovered, that shall remove the perplexities people feel between their admiration of real good qualities and the disadvantages to which women are so often subjected by the crimes of seducers and the unjust privileges of men altogether. It is a point, upon which virtue will never be consistent, nor society comfortable, till candid discussion take place upon it, and something just and generous be determined.

A "saint", in those days certainly did not miss approbation of her good qualities any more than a "sinner," and it could be more openly expressed. Congreve (who by the way lived openly with the Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of the great Duke, and heir to his title) is said to have been in love with Lady Elizabeth Hastings, a real angel upon earth, if all that is said of her was true (saving and except that she blessed nobody with her love, as an angel ought to have done); and Prior is supposed to have entertained a passion for Miss Singer, afterwards the celebrated Mrs Rowe, to whom he addressed a copy of verses. Miss Singer preferred a less witty, but probably a more refined and amiable poet, who is now known only from his union with the authoress of the *Letters from the Dead*, and the *Devout Exercises of the Heart*. There are one or two specimens of her poetry in the book before us, in which we have been disappointed. But she was a woman of real talents, and had a poetical soul; as may be seen in her very fervid prose, which is more like the writing of a St Catherine or Teresa, than one of our northern devotees. She writes as Mary Magdalen might be supposed to have done, without her remorse.

A Mrs Brereton, daughter of a Welsh gentleman, was author, it seems, of a well-known epigram on Beau Nash's picture "at full length" between the busts of Newton and Pope. It forms the conclusion of a poem of six stanzas, the whole of which are here very properly given, but from which it has been separated in ordinary, and with some difference in the reading. The stanza is as follows:

" The picture, plac'd the busts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length."

The poetry of Mary Chandler, "daughter of a dissenting minister at Bath," was commended, Mrs Dyce informs us, by Pope. The only copy of her verses here given is the following little poem on *Temperance*, the whole of which we extract, partly because in addition to a good word said in favour of that most useful, cheerful, and much neglected virtue, it contains a deeper moral than the writer suspected; and partly because in the midst of it there is a very beautiful image. A morning beam has never been more happily personified.

"Fatal effects of luxury and ease !
 We drink our poison, and we eat disease ;
 Indulge our senses at our reason's cost,
 Till sense is pain, and reason hurt, or lost.
 Not so, O Temperance bland ! when rul'd by thee,
 The brute's obedient, and the man is free.
 Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,
 His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.
Touch'd by Aurora's rosy hand, he wakes
 Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes
 The joyful dawns of returning day,
 For which their grateful thanks the whole creation pay,—
 All but the human brute : 'tis he alone,
 Whose works of darkness fly the rising sun.
 'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance ! that we owe
 All pleasures, which from health and strength can flow ;
 Vigour of body, purity of mind,
 Unclouded reason, sentiments refin'd,
 Unmixt, untainted joys, without remorse,
 Th' intemperate sinner's never failing curse."

Our fair philosopher may have added, that intemperance, or any neglect of health, will often give remorse to delicate consciences that do not otherwise deserve it : nay, even deserved remorse (so to speak) may be done away with, according to Plato, by due attention to health and exercise. Nor will the humanity of true virtue quarrel with him for saying it ; since under no system of opinion has the frailty and ill education of mankind been denied some last resource under the most grievous of its errors,—change and better conduct being always supposed. And that is the wisest mode of correcting guilt and its consequences, which leaves us in the fittest way for being cheerful and useful.

Mary Leapor, "daughter of the gardener of Judge Blencow," and said to have been "some time cook-maid in a gentleman's family," was a born gentlewoman, and writes very pretty verses. Mr Dyce has given us an eclogue of hers, entitled the *Month of August*, in which Sylvanus, a courtier, attempts in vain to lure away Phillis, a country maid, from her cottage and her rustic love. It contains some pleasing natural images, which we are tempted to quote ; but in thinking of filling out our Companions' pockets with plums and country delicacies, a base and unusual fear comes over us of being thought unmannerly.

Mrs Lætitia Pilkington, well known for her departures from the ordinary modes of her sex, which were not in the style of Mrs Oldfield, tells us, that

"Lying is an occupation,
 Used by all who mean to rise," &c.

Poor soul ! We fear she practised a good deal of it to very little purpose. She had a foolish husband, and was beset by very untoward circumstances, to which she evidently fell a worse prey than she would have us think. But the weakest of women are so un-

equally treated by the existing modes of society, that we hate to think anything unhandsome of them.

Not so of my Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; who was at once so clever, so bold, so well off, and so full of sense of every sort but the sense of delicacy, that she provokes us out of our philosophy. A want of sentiment was the ultimate ruin of her; for ruin it was, and a frightful one, for a woman of her beauty and talents to become the painted Jezebel and the mockery of all the young men who visited Florence. Walpole has given a revolting picture of her in this her melancholy state of old gaiety; and we must believe him, in spite of our dislike of his cynical way of drawing it. Her admirable letters are well known, and her introduction of inoculation into this country; so clever was she, and so fitted to be more than an ornament to society, in everything but this one deficiency. Among other instances of her capital good sense, she had a view with regard to the improvement of marriages, which bespoke real philosophical reflection, and would at any rate have managed matters better than they are at present. Her opinion was (and the practice is said to have been tried in one part of the world, and found successful) that marriages should be limited to the term of seven years, and renewed or not at will, as the parties found themselves disposed. They who think that everybody would be for parting, forget what they are so well aware of in all other circumstances, to wit, the power of habit; not to mention all the other and more cordial reasons, which certainly would not continue to influence people the less, when they were more generously encouraged. We do not say that Lady Mary's plan would be the best. We only say it is better than the present one. But nothing is more observable or more edifying, whenever this subject is broached, than the extraordinary compliments which the advocates of the present system pay their own cause, in thinking that they should all be in such haste to get rid of their obligations. Not having any such feelings in our own case, we the less scruple to speak out.

We must conclude our present attentions to Mr Dyce's book (which seduces us into so much gossip) with the whole of the ballad entitled *The Lover*, addressed by Lady Mary to Mr Congreve. One is curious to know what Congreve said to it. The first four stanzas are a little too much like a town-lady and intriguingante; but pleasant and well-written. The two last come unexpectedly to the reader of the book, in turning over the leaf, and are a great improvement upon the sentiment. But a lady, who "so long has lived chaste," hardly ought to know so much about "champagne and a chicken."

THE LOVER.

A BALLAD.

TO MR CONGREVE.

"At length, by so much importunity press'd,
Take, Congreve, at once the inside of my breast.

This stupid indifference so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame :
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head ;
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

" But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh ! was there a man (but where shall I find
Good sense and good-nature so equally join'd ?)
Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine ;
Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly design ;
Not over severe, nor yet stupidly vain,
For I would have the pow'r, though not give the pain :

" No pedant, yet learned ; no rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say ;
To all my whole sex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me ;
In public preserve the decorum that's just,
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust ;
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
But not fulsomely pert, nor foppishly low.

" But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear ;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear !
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud ;
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

" And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,
In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel can guide.
From such a dear lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe ;
But till this astonishing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

" I never will share with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
I loath the lewd rake, the drest fopling despise ;
Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies ;
And as Ovid has sweetly in parable told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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